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## Today We Remember:

**T**ODAY it's timely to single out the equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson from the multitude of statues in Washington, D. C. For it's the birthday of the sculptor of that statue, Clark Mills, born Dec. 13, 1810, in Onondaga county, N. Y. While his statue may not rate raves from art critics, it's interesting because it's the first equestrian statue made in this Country. Mills, having no knowledge of the European methods of bronze casting, had to devise his own.

When the head of the Jackson monument committee suggested in 1848 that he make the design, Mills was preparing to go to Europe for his first formal art training. He hadn't even seen an equestrian statue nor Jackson. At first, he refused. But the opportunity fascinated him. He had made his own way as an itinerant Jack-of-all trades from the age of 13, when he ran away from his uncle's farm, until at 25, while doing stucco work, he tried his hand at modeling busts in clay.

He then experimented with marble cutting, carved out a bust of John C. Calhoun which the city council of Charleston, S. C., bought. Well-to-do Charlestonians offered to send him to study in Europe. He delayed to complete commissions for 10 busts. One patron, discovering Mills never had seen a statue by a recognized sculptor, staked him to a trip to the Capital, which was full of statues. These made him itch to try one himself. He put off the European trip again. In nine months he built a model that the committee approved. The statue was dedicated in January, 1853.

### ON THE COVER,

**T**HIS is Portrait of the Countess Karoly of Hungary. It is one of 85 paintings by the French artist, Gustave Courbet, which will be exhibited at the Philadelphia Museum of Art for eight weeks, beginning Thursday. Courbet, who was not among the most modest of men, painted this Hungarian countess at Trouville, France, in 1865. Then, in a letter to a friend, he observed: "Here I am on the beach at Trouville, painting all the prettiest women in France. This portrait has had an enormous success. Four hundred ladies have come to see it, and they all wanted to be painted, too." For more on Courbet and reproductions of seven of his paintings, see Pages 8 and 9.



THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 13, 1959

# The Reluctant Baton Twirler

*Girl, 25, may be a little old for twirling, but not for love*

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP WISHNEFSKY



By Jack Ritchie

MISS BRIDGET TREADLE, Director of the Women's Physical Education Department, beamed. "You should have seen her six years ago. A real All-American. When she did right and left side cartwheels at the fifty-yard line, thousands applauded and the Governor tipped his hat."

Associate Professor Christopher Duncan rubbed an ear. "You're talking about Janey Eliot?"

"No. Helen Cooper."

Duncan was mildly surprised. "You don't mean the one with black hair and light blue eyes? She always wears those pearl-type earrings?"

"You've noticed her?"

Duncan cleared his throat. "Vaguely. Just why doesn't she want to twirl her baton now?"

"She thinks she's too old."

Duncan blinked. "How old would that be?"

Miss Treadle lowered her voice. "Twenty-five."

Duncan experienced a feeling of relief, but he clicked his tongue. "How the years do creep up on one!"

"Helen was our chief majorette during her sophomore and junior years. She was magnificent at the finger spin and the high throw. And then at the end of her junior year, in 1953, she left the university. Now she's back again, but she absolutely refuses to come out for the team. I've appealed and appealed to her. Mentioned school spirit and all that sort of thing, but it's no use."

"I don't like to sound irreverent," Duncan said, "but it suddenly struck me that she might have come back just to complete her education."

Miss Treadle sighed. "A frightening thought. We have only three juniors back with us this year and the sophomore crop is skimpy. Barton has a tendency to tire, Williams is a little shaky on the reverse, and Eliot reported in 15 pounds overweight. Perhaps the girls will shape up, but I feel that we've simply got to have Helen."

Duncan was dubious. "I don't see what possible influence I could have with her."

Miss Treadle...



Janey pushed the shako up from her eyes and glared at Burrell. "What did you do that for?" she asked.

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Miss Treadle pulled a notebook from her tweed jacket and adjusted her pince-nez. "I've done some checking and I've discovered a few things. Helen has been absent from biology twice, Elizabethan poets three times, and advanced English four times. But from your medieval history? Never! And it's a nine-thirty class."

Duncan brightened. "I do try to put life into my lectures. You haven't heard me do the Hanseatic League, have you?"

Miss Treadle closed her notebook. "Speak to her. Evidently she likes to hear you talk."

"Of course," Duncan said. "I've been trying to think of an excuse . . . I mean I realize how important athletics and its adjuncts are to a university. I used to row for Columbia, you know, and I have the oar at home to prove it."

"Good," Miss Treadle said. "You're practically the school's last hope. Even her fiancé won't help."

(Continued on Page 24)

# The Reluctant Baton Twirler

(Continued From Page 22)

There were a few seconds of silence. "Fiance?"

Miss Treadle nodded. "Advanced English. Professor Burress. Four absences."

Duncan looked out of the window. The campus seemed depressingly somber at the moment. He waved a hand. "If he can't persuade her, how can I?"

"He agrees with her," Miss Treadle said. She patted his shoulder. "Give it a try. For the school."

Duncan felt a trace of weariness. "All right. For the school."

His nine-thirty class the next morning seemed interminably long to Duncan. His eyes kept straying toward Helen Cooper and several times he was forced to consult his notes to refresh his memory.

And as usual, Janey Eliot was in her regular chair in the front row. She smiled brightly whenever he happened to look in her direction.

At the bell, Duncan stationed himself at the door and waited for the students to file out.

Janey Eliot stopped. "I never knew all those terrible things about Waldemar the IV. It was just like a novel."

Practically everybody did what he did in those days," Duncan said soothingly.

"It's shocking," Janey said. "But fascinating." She waved her hand. "I'll positively be back Wednesday."

Duncan spoke to Helen Cooper as she approached. "I'd like to speak to you for a few minutes."

When they were alone, he became aware of a clean fresh perfume. He pulled himself together. "Miss Cooper, I don't believe you're too old at all."

She broke into a slow smile. "But I'm getting on. What games did you have in mind?"

Duncan colored. "I mean that you're not too old to twiddle . . . twirl your baton."

Her eyes flickered with curiosity. "I imagine that Miss Treadle has been speaking to you?"

"Do you realize," Duncan said, "that if it weren't for performers like you, we'd have 25,000 people on each side of an empty football field just staring at each other between halves?"

She grinned. "They can always watch the bands." "Not quite the same thing. They're dressed for the weather."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I came back to college for just one reason. I want my degree."

"But I understand that you're absolutely essential."

"Eliot is every bit as good as I ever was."

Duncan felt he had a point. "She's 15 pounds overweight. She'll never be able to do the cartwheel properly. Disturbed center of gravity, you know." He thought swiftly. "Besides, you may be able to pick up a few medals."

She closed her eyes for a moment. Medals? I've got over five hundred as it is and I'm afraid to open my closet door. Even when I was only six years old and placed eleventh in a tournament, I got a medal."

Duncan nodded amiably. "That's one size thing

"Of course," Burress said quickly. "I'd be disloyal if I wasn't. Besides, no woman in my family has failed to complete college for seven generations. I'd hate to break the chain."

Duncan studied him. "I understand

that you don't want Helen to twirl her baton."

"Naturally not."

"There's a lot to be said for it," Duncan said hopefully. "Plenty of fresh air and exercise."

Burress looked sour. "I can't see a professor's fiancée strutting around before thousands of people dressed like that."

"They wear as much as anybody else. Counting the shako and boots in the total, of course."

Burress was unconvinced. "I'm a bit of a prig. Nothing completely objectionable, you know. But there it is."

Duncan hesitated. "How in the world did you and Miss Cooper ever . . . He stopped. "Sorry. None of my business."

Burress stirred his coffee. "A debt of



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Duncan nodded amiably. "That's one nice thing about those tournaments. Nobody goes away empty handed."

Helen glanced at her watch. "I'm sorry, Professor. I have a ten-thirty class."

When she was gone, Duncan gathered his notes together and his eyes went over the empty classroom for a last-minute check. He noticed a fountain pen on the floor and put it in his pocket.

At noon in the cafeteria, Duncan carried his tray to the table where Associate Professor Oliver Burriss sat alone.

Burriss was a thin, spectacled man about Duncan's own age and he wore a look of perpetual worry.

Duncan buttered a slice of bread. "Congratulations."

Burriss looked surprised. "Congratulations about what?"

"Your engagement."

Burriss waved a fork. "I've been engaged for nearly three years."

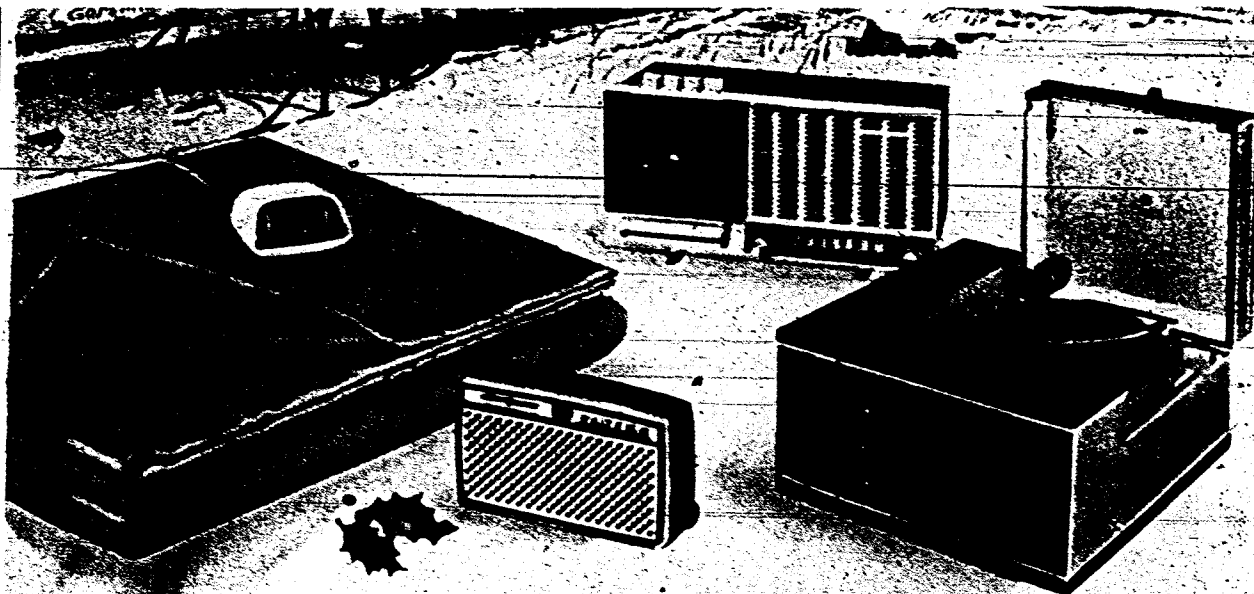
"I'm sorry," Duncan said. "I mean, congratulations anyway. I didn't know."

Burriss resumed eating. "No particular reason you should. We're in different departments."

After a minute Duncan tried again. "You've got to admire Miss Cooper for coming back to college to complete her education."

Burriss shrugged. "I suppose so."

"You are in favor of education, aren't you?"

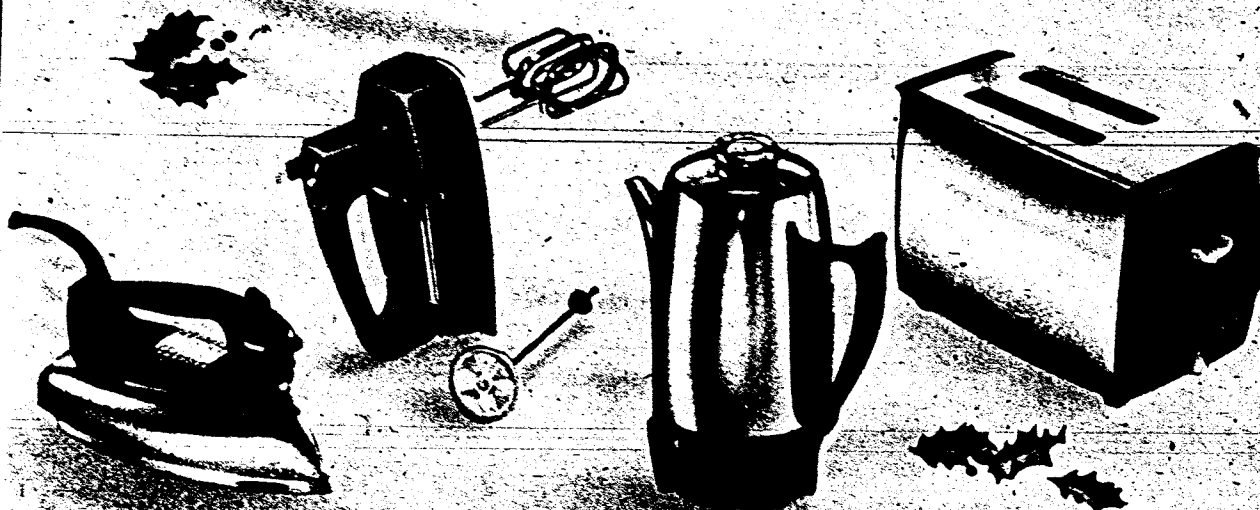


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gratitude. I have the mortgage on her home and I'll throw her poor old mother out into the snow if Helen doesn't marry me."

After his one-thirty class, Duncan put on his topcoat and strolled out to the football field.

Miss Treadle, in a heavy jacket and with a whistle around her neck, stood on the sidelines fondly watching her

maorettes perform. "We used to practice later in the afternoon, but the football coach made us stop. He said his team wasn't paying attention to the right fundamentals while the girls were on the field."

They watched Janey Eliot do the high throw over the goal posts. The spinning baton descended and knocked the shako from her head.

Miss Treadle winced. "A real expert doesn't even have to look up, but in her case I recommend it."

Duncan put up his coat collar. "Why did Helen leave college in the first place?"

"To take care of the little girl." Miss Treadle blew her whistle and walked out onto the field to give some instructions. After a minute she returned. "Most of

them never saw a baton until they came here, but they're willing."

Duncan's voice had a slight squeak. "Little girl?"

"Yes. A darling child. About 11 now, I'd say."

"But... Helen is Miss...?"

Miss Treadle chuckled. "Wendy was her sister's child." Her face became serious for a moment. "Helen's sister and her husband were killed in an auto accident. Helen was the nearest relative and she took Wendy in."

She looked pained as Eliot dropped her baton. "Helen has rented a little cottage just off the campus, that place Professor Jenkins used to have. And she's arranged her classes so that she and Wendy are in school at the same time."

Miss Treadle looked at Duncan. "Have you talked to Helen yet?"

"Not much luck I'm afraid." He rubbed an ear-lobe irritably. "I suppose it's none of my business, but how did she and Burrese ever get together?"

Miss Treadle sighed. "Who can tell about the chemistry of things. She may see something that we don't. The strangest things happen."

At five o'clock the dried leaves crackled under Duncan's feet as he walked down the quiet street reading the house numbers. He turned up the walk at a small Cape Cod house and rang the doorbell.

The girl who opened the door had dark hair somewhat like Helen's.

"Is Miss Cooper in?"

She opened the door farther. "I'm Wendy. Come in."

Duncan walked into the living room. "Helen's in the kitchen making supper," Wendy said. "She'll be right out." She sat on the arm of a chair and inspected Duncan.

He felt a trifle uncomfortable under her stare. "I came to return your aunt's fountain pen. She left it in my classroom."

"Does it have her initials on it? H. L. C.?"

"Well, no. No initials at all. I just thought I found it near her chair," Duncan smiled feebly. "In the same room, at least."

"L. is for Louise," Wendy said. "Could I see it?"

Duncan took the pen out of his pocket with some reluctance.

Wendy shook her head. "This is a big pen. A man's."

Helen came through the swinging kitchen door. "Oh, Professor Duncan."

"He came to return your fountain pen," Wendy said. "Only it isn't yours."

"But it is mine." Helen smiled at Duncan. "How kind of you. I lost my regular one and I found this one in a drawer."

Wendy was unabashed. "When a person leaves something at another person's house or classroom, as the case may be, it means that that person wants to return."

"Would you care for a cup of coffee?" Helen asked hastily.

"If it's no trouble."

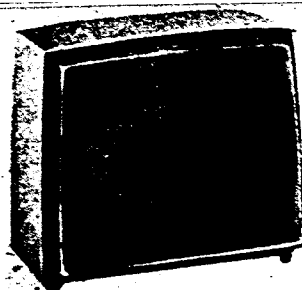
Helen moved toward the kitchen and then hesitated. She looked at Wendy.

Duncan entertained while you

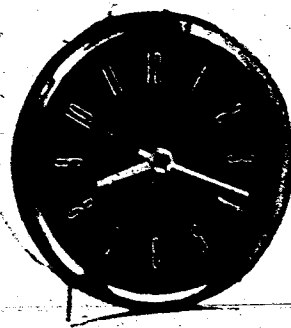
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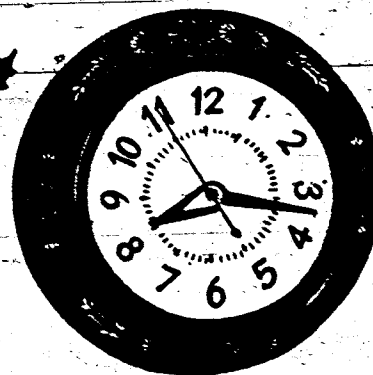
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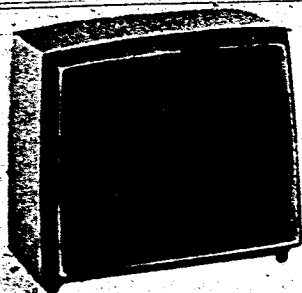


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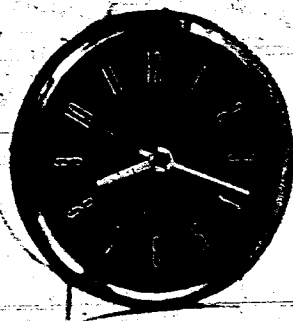


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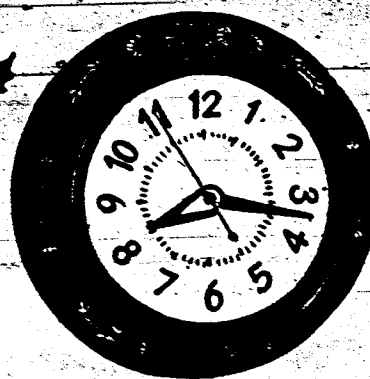




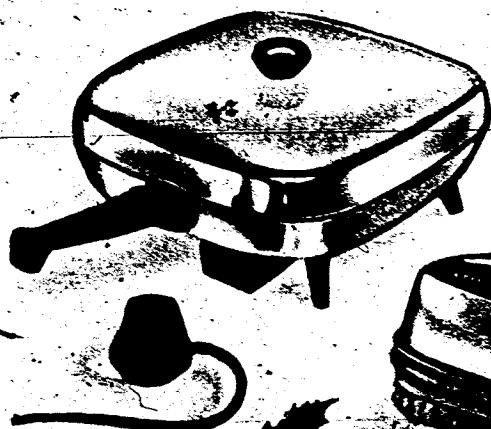
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"If it's no trouble."

Helen moved toward the kitchen and then hesitated. She looked at Wendy.

"I'll keep Professor Duncan entertained while you make the coffee," Wendy volunteered.

"That's what I'm . . ." Helen managed a smile. "But not too entertained. You understand, Wendy?"

When they were alone, Wendy put her chin on her hands. "Helen talks about only two men. Professor Burruss and you. She hasn't talked about him lately."

Duncan was pleased. "Really?"

She nodded. "He takes me for a walk twice a week, whether I want to go or not. Tonight is one of the nights."

"We all need exercise," Duncan said cheerfully.

"It's not for the exercise. He feels it's his duty. Helen thinks I need a father and he's practicing."

"I imagine all little girls need fathers."

She shrugged. "I guess so. It all depends."

"On what?"

"On who it is."

An automatic defense mechanism began working in Duncan. He picked up a magazine. "Well, well, here's an article I've been meaning to read."

When he looked up half a minute later, Wendy's eyes were still on him.

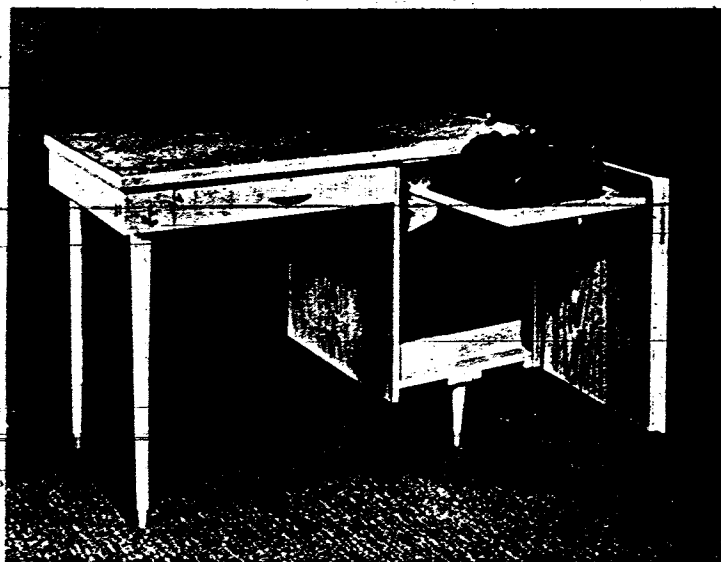
"It's all a sort of arrangement," she said.

"What is?" Duncan asked cautiously.

"You see, Helen's father and Professor Burruss' father were close friends and everybody sort of took it for granted that eventually Helen and Professor

(Continued on Page 34)





## Dual-Purpose Desk

CRAFT PATTERN 183

★Pattern 183 shows how to build this desk and install either a typewriter or sewing machine. The study desk, 22"x45", requires one 4'x6" panel of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood (preferably one of the hardwoods), a piece of 1x4, stock molding, commercial-type wooden legs and hardware.

★Send 35 cents for Pattern 183 to The Philadelphia Inquirer Craft Pattern Studio, Elmhurst, Ill. The Home Cabinets Packet, containing 22 patterns, is \$1.50. Illustrated catalog of 900 home projects is 35 cents.

## The Reluctant Baton Twirler

(Continued From Page 25)

Burress would get together. Everybody except Helen."

Duncan leaned forward slightly.

"Until lately," Wendy sighed. "You don't realize how difficult it is for a woman to get married when she has a child my age. And Helen feels I need a father. Not

"The extra 15 pounds didn't interfere?"

Duncan chuckled. "Goodness, no. Simply added to the spectacle."

Wendy shook her head. "That

won't work. Helen never gets jealous."

Duncan met Helen's eyes. "You don't?"

She still grinned. "Hardly ever. I like Eliot."

The next afternoon Burress stalked into the small office Duncan occupied in the basement of the Liberal Arts Building.

"Now look here," he demanded. "That's going out of bounds. Invading the sanctity of my fiancée's home. Influencing the ductile mind of a child."

Duncan looked innocent.

"I was merely returning a fountain pen."

Burress folded his arms. "Ductile means capable of being molded or worked. And Wendy's brain isn't the obedient thing it used to be. She absolutely refused to go for our regular walk."

Janey Eliot knocked lightly on

(Continued on Page 38)

Puzzle Answers

Picture Quiz Answers

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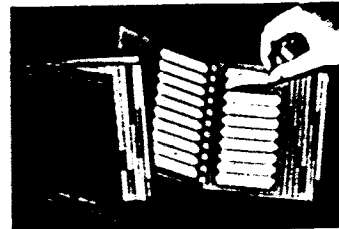
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## The Reluctant Baton Twirler

(Continued From Page 25)

Burruss would get together. Everybody except Helen.

Duncan leaned forward slightly.

"Until lately," Wendy sighed. "You don't realize how difficult it is for a woman to get married when she has a child my age. And Helen feels I need a father. Not that Helen can't manage me. But we do need a man's voice around here once in a while."

She glanced at the kitchen door. "Helen went back to college because Professor Burruss wanted her to. But she didn't mind that. She likes college." Wendy lowered her voice. "And she's not going to twirl for the university because he said he didn't want her to. But I don't think she likes that at all. I know because she still practices when nobody's looking. She could perform on a minute's notice."

Helen re-entered the room with a tray. "What have you two been talking about?"

"Oh things," Wendy said.

Duncan waited until the coffee was poured. "You were absolutely right," he said enthusiastically.

Helen passed the cream. "I was? About what?"

"Eliot is superb. Her one hand front spin left me practically breathless."

Helen grinned. "You've become an aficionado?"

Duncan nodded. "And the under-the-leg pass from hand to hand was grace and fluency itself."

"The extra 15 pounds didn't interfere?"

Duncan chuckled. "Goodness, no. Simply added to the spectacle."

Wendy shook her head. "That

Duncan met Helen's eyes. "You don't?"

She still grinned. "Hardly ever. I like Eliot."

The next afternoon Burruss stalked into the small office Duncan occupied in the basement of the Liberal Arts Building.

"Now look here," he demanded. "That's going out of bounds. Invading the sanctity of my fiancée's home. Influencing the ductile mind of a child."

Duncan looked innocent.

"I was merely returning a fountain pen."

Burruss folded his arms. "Ductile means capable of being molded or worked. And Wendy's brain isn't the obedient thing it used to be. She absolutely refused to go for our regular walk."

Janey Eliot knocked lightly on

(Continued on Page 38)

## Puzzle Answers

### Brain Twizzler Solutions

Problem 1. He pushed the cork into the jug.

Problem 2. The numbers are 219, 438 and 657.

Problem 3. Having paid \$12 for one suit and \$20 for the other, he lost \$2.

### Cryptogram Solution

He does not believe that does not live according to his belief. (Thomas Fuller.)

### Crossword Puzzle Solution

LAMP AVERT SCAPED SEME  
ARAL WIRER HONEUG AGED  
WERE AROSE UTILEE HEN  
SATAN ASTA NEST BASKS  
DODGE SAN SELEP  
DEW BOO MULES DOE ASH  
ELATER TIRAOES STRIDE  
PETAL PULES DAM SICAL  
OMER ARLES SELAH CLID  
TIREONESS CUR TICHENS  
JUEVA TAP TRO  
PURLOIN HUM REGLATES  
ALEE LEMON TERMS DARE  
GENET DIN TRESS OJAN  
AMARAS OOROSE HEMISS  
NAN POD ROUTE GEM LEE  
LITER BEL SADOR  
LEMUR BOMB IDEM MACRE  
UPON CABAL NIKER CLOD  
META ATOLE ENATER KOLA  
DEER LETTIS SEREIS STEE

### Picture Quiz Answers

- 1: 52.
- 2: 8.
- 3: 20.
- 4: 88.
- 5: 30.
- 6: 24.
- 7: 60.
- 8: 34.4.
- 9: 500.

### Today's Word: OPHICLEIDE

oiled	hide	clip	echo
peel	hold	clap	edile
pedicel	hoed	clod	elide
pile	hoped	colled	eloped
plied	hole	cold	epoch
piece	iced	cope	epic
plied	idle	coed	epode
plot	idol	cole	deep
pole	cell	code	dele
police	cede	copied	delph
heed	cheep	leech	delice
heel	chide	lied	dice
held	chop	lice	dole
helped	chip	lode	dope
hied	child	lope	docile

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## The Reluctant Baton Twirler

(Continued From Page 36)

the open door of Duncan's office. She clasped her books and knitting and smiled at him. "This morning I forgot to ask a question about the assignment, Professor."

"Yes?"

"We're supposed to read to the middle of Page 233. Does that include the footnote at the bottom of the page?"

Burruss gazed at her with awe.

Duncan felt obliged to explain.

"Miss Eliot is in training. She doesn't want to strain her eyes."

She smiled modestly. "I have 20/20. I was practically raised on carrots."

"Beared," Burruss corrected.

"Skip the footnote," Duncan said. "We can't take a chance."

"Thank you, Professor," she said happily. "I'm very appreciative."

"I appreciate it," Burruss said.

She looked at him and fluttered her eyes slightly. "I didn't know you were in the professor's class too. I haven't seen you around."

Burruss swallowed. "I sit in the back of the room."

Her eyes fluttered again. "Good-by now. I'll see you at our next class."

Burruss watched her leave.

"Who did you say that was?"

"Jancy Eliot. She twirls the baton."

"Well," Burruss said after a moment, "apparently it keeps her supple." He drew his eyes away from the open door. "Now let's get back to the point. I don't see why you're making such a big issue out of this baton thing."

"I'm merely thinking of the university and its place and station in the baton tossing world. And on the other hand, I don't see why you should be so adamant. That means impenetrably hard; inflexible."

"The decision is basically Helen's. I merely intimated in a mild way that she could twirl that baton over my dead body."

"How that girl can resist temp-

"I have lived to some extent,"

Burruss said smugly. "I recall turning on television for a program on Japanese Brush Painting, when I accidentally got the wrong channel. There were these girls, shivering in the cold."

"The stirring music? The color and pageantry of it?"

"This was black and white TV and the music kept bouncing off the spectators and catching up with itself. They played the St. Louis Blues."

"You've got to see the live thing to get the full flavor of it," Duncan said. "As a matter of fact, the majorettes will be practicing on the football field in about 15 minutes. I defy you to expose yourself."

Burruss appeared about to utter a firm "No," but a thought seemed to strike him. "Very well. People have said I have the most open mind they've ever come across. Or words to that effect."

They walked out to the football field and took a position in the north end zone.

The entire band and the majorettes were going through a full-dress rehearsal. The majorettes did an around the neck figure and then the halt.

After a few seconds of silence the band swung into the St. Louis Blues.

Burruss cleared his throat. "That girl in the center. Isn't she Jancy Eliot?"

Duncan nodded. "She's OK as long as she doesn't let go of the baton."

At the end of the selection, the band regrouped and marched toward the north goal posts, the majorettes preceding.

"We'd better step back a little," Duncan said.

Burruss wasn't paying much attention. "Why?"



"Eliot's going to throw the baton over the goal posts."

Burruss allowed himself to be pulled back a few steps.

Jancy Eliot strutted, knees high and arms painted, and when she

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1 egg, unbeaten  
1/2 cup milk

Mix fruit with mix in bag. Mix and bake according to package directions. Cool thoroughly. Decorate with glaze red cherries and citron "leaves." To make leaves, slice candied citron about 1/4 inch thick. Cut in the shape of holly leaves. Soak for several minutes in a little water tinted green with food coloring. Drain on absorbent paper.



# Aunt Jemima Easy-Mixes

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too. I haven't seen you around.

Burruss swallowed. "I sit in the back of the room."

Her eyes fluttered again. "Good-by now. I'll see you at our next class."

Burruss watched her leave. "Who did you say that was?"

"Janey Eliot. She twists the baton."

"Well," Burruss said after a moment, "apparently it keeps her supple." He drew his eyes away from the open door. "Now let's get back to the point. I don't see why you're making such a big issue out of this baton thing."

"I'm merely thinking of the university and its place and station in the baton tossing world. And on the other hand, I don't see why you should be so adamant. That means impenetrably hard; inflexible."

"The decision is basically Helen's. I merely intimated in a mild way that she could twist that baton over my dead body."

"How that girl can resist temptation," Duncan said admiringly. "I understand that she was terrific. And if a person is good at something, it means that she likes it. You could mar her psyche for life." He tried a new tack. "Have you ever seen baton twirling? The grace and rhythm of it?"

held and took a position in the north end zone.

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After a few seconds of silence the band swung into the St. Louis Blues.

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Duncan nodded. "She's OK as long as she doesn't let go of the baton."

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"We'd better step back a little," Duncan said.

Burruss wasn't paying much attention. "Why?"

"Eliot's going to throw the baton over the goal posts."

Burruss allowed himself to be pulled back a few steps.

Janey Eliot strutted, knees high and toes pointed, and when she reached the five yard line she tossed her baton high into the air.

Burruss watched it descend and his eyes widened. He yelped and dashed forward. Leaping high into the air, he caught the baton with one hand and fell into Janey's

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arms. Both of them sprawled on the ground.

The band music dribbled into silence and it took Duncan a moment more to recover and rush toward them. "Are you all right?"

Janey pushed the shako up from her eyes and glared at Burress. "What in the world did you do that for?"

Burress retrieved his glasses

"Burress," Duncan said firmly, "I think you're being utterly unreasonable about this baton twirling."

Burress kept his eyes on the field. "I know."

That stopped Duncan for a moment. "It's sheer cruelty to deprive Helen of her one athletic outlet."

Burress didn't expect to be in

his mind, can't he? It's a sign of intelligence."

Duncan studied him. "Just when do you and Helen intend to get married?" he asked bluntly.

Burress took a deep breath. "As soon as she gets her degree, I imagine." He was silent for a while. "You see, my father and her father were friends and it seems that everybody took it for granted that eventually . . ." He waved his hand helplessly.

Duncan's mouth dropped. "Aren't you in love with her?"

Burress ran a finger around his collar. "I'm terribly fond of Helen. Fonder than anybody I know. I have absolutely no objection . . . I mean I'm even enthusiastic, in my own way, but . . ."

He squared his shoulders. "I'll go through with it."

The words seemed to strike him as insufficient. "I mean that I would consider it a great honor. I'm sure that we will be happy."

During a halt, Janey waved to Burress from the field.

Burress was a bit embarrassed. "Just thanking me, I imagine. Not necessary, though."

Duncan grinned slowly. "I understand that she's about 15 pounds over her twirling weight."

"Nonsense," Burress said.

"Anyone with eyes can see that there isn't a superfluous ounce on her. Besides, every bit counts."

"Not exactly the intellectual type," Duncan said. "I think she's going to be lucky to get a C in my course."

Burress sighed. "Frankly, intelligent women frighten me. Give me a feeling of insecurity, for some strange reason."

When Duncan left, Burress' eyes were again riveted on the field.

The sun was almost gone when Duncan walked up the path to the Cape Cod. The door opened before he could press the bell.

"I knew it," Wendy said happily. "You forgot your cigaret lighter."

Helen appeared behind her. "I'm confused. Miss Treadle phoned and she's all thrilled because I'm coming out for baton twirling. But I never . . ."

Duncan turned to Wendy. "I've come to take you for a walk, whether you want to go or not."

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arms. Both of them sprawled on the ground.

The band music dribbled into silence and it took Duncan a moment more to recover and rush toward them. "Are you all right?"

Janey pushed the shako up from her eyes and glared at Burress. "What in the world did you do that for?"

Burress retrieved his glasses from the grass. "You weren't looking up. That thing could have come down and killed you."

Janey took a deep breath. "Do you mind if we get up now? It's cold sitting here."

Burress hastily scrambled to his feet and helped her up. He made a motion to brush her off, but stopped. "I thought I was saving your life." He became aware of the curious bandmen circling them and flushed.

Janey regarded him coldly for ten seconds more, and then she smiled. "How brave of you. You might have been knocked silly." He shifted his feet. "Anyone with fast reflexes would have taken the same chance."

Miss Treadle made her way through the band. "Professor Burress, if you'll be good enough to return the baton to Eliot, I think we'll resume practice."

Duncan and Burress retreated to the first row of seats.

Burress looked at his hands. "I got a tingling when I touched her. Static electricity perhaps."

"Burress," Duncan said firmly, "I think you're being utterly unreasonable about this baton twirling."

Burress kept his eyes on the field. "I know."

That stopped Duncan for a moment. "It's sheer cruelty to deprive Helen of her one athletic outlet."

Burress didn't appear to be listening.

The band was marshaled back into formation and the rehearsal resumed.

"Beautiful. Wonderful coordination," Burress said.

"Yes," Duncan said, "I understand that Helen . . ."

"I mean Janey. Aren't you watching?"

Duncan looked just in time to see Eliot drop her baton.

"That could happen to anybody," Burress said quickly. "Even the best. Splendid recovery."

Duncan rubbed the back of his neck.

Burress turned to him. "I've changed my mind. If Helen insists on twirling her baton, I hereby give my permission."

Duncan closed his eyes. "What made you change your mind?" he asked.

"I didn't quite realize the pageantry and excitement of Eliot." He colored. "I mean baton twirling." He was uneasy under Duncan's stare. "A person can change

"Nonsense," Burress said. "Anyone with eyes can see that there isn't a superfluous ounce on her. Besides, every bit counts." "Not exactly the intellectual type," Duncan said. "I think she's going to be lucky to get a C in my course."

Burress sighed. "Frankly, intelligent women frighten me. Give me a feeling of insecurity, for some strange reason."

When Duncan left, Burress' eyes were again riveted on the field.

The sun was almost gone when Duncan walked up the path to the Cape Cod. The door opened before he could press the bell.

"I knew it," Wendy said happily. "You forgot your cigaret lighter."

Helen appeared behind her. "I'm confused. Miss Treadle phoned and she's all thrilled because I'm coming out for baton twirling. But I never . . ."

Duncan turned to Wendy. "I've come to take you for a walk, whether you want to go or not."

Wendy ran toward a closet. "I'll get my coat right away."

"Get Helen's, too." This is a package deal.

Helen blinked. "I just don't understand what's happening."

The phone rang.

Helen's eyes widened as she listened, and she put her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Oliver. He wants to know if it's cricket if he takes Janey Eliot to the movies tonight. Considering that we're engaged and all that."

"Decent chap," Duncan murmured. "Tell him to go ahead. We don't mind a bit."

Helen shook her head. "I feel that I've missed a page."

Wendy returned with Helen's coat. "Don't worry. This all has a happy ending."

Helen met Duncan's eyes and read what was there. She smiled slowly and took her hand from the mouthpiece. "Just one thing, Oliver. Tell Janey about your allergy to chocolate. I imagine it will be up to her to remind you from now on."

THE END

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Announcement of a Los Angeles couple upon resuming married life: "We are not merely reconciled. We are utterly delighted."

Note left behind by someone who broke into a Charlotte, N. C., furniture store: "Dear Sirs: I came here to steal from you, but I changed my mind."

Road sign by the Wilmington Manor, Del., fire department: "You Slow Down—We'll Go to the Fire."

Sign at a Niagara Falls, N. Y., auto repair shop: May I Have the Next Denials?

Notice at a Fargo, N. Dak., barber shop: Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Hair Cheerfully Refunded.

Declaration of a Milwaukee burglar as he was being chased by policemen: "You can't shoot me. I'm a teen-ager."

Inscription on a 3500-year-old clay tablet found in Iraq: You can have a lord, you can have a king, but the man to fear is the tax-collector.

Description in Washington, D. C., paper of a new super-modern gown: "It looks like a gownless evening strap."

—Harold Heffer

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